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The Divinity School News

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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RESPONSIBILITY AND GRACE

[The sermon which is presented in this issue of the *Divinity School News* was delivered by the Dean of Students of the Divinity School in Rockefeller Chapel, Sunday, July 27, 1952.—EDITOR.]

I WAS a sophomore in a church-related college in Ohio in 1929. Shortly after the academic year began the dean of students summoned me to his office one day and asked me whether I would be interested in tutoring an Oriental student in English. He told me that a young fellow by the name of Kim had just arrived from Korea and was having trouble writing his essays in Freshman English composition; the lad was going to need some additional help if he were to pass not only his English course but the other courses for which he was registered. I didn't think I knew enough English to teach someone else, to say nothing of teaching it to someone who knew very little about the language. But I consented to take the job because I didn't want to give a negative answer to the dean.

The next day Kim and I were introduced to each other in the dean's office, and it was agreed that he and I would meet twice a week in his room. As I went to my first lesson with the Korean lad the next day I was repenting of having let myself in for a job that would undoubtedly prove to be onerous and, more important, would cut me out of time I preferred to be using working with the gymnastic squad in the gymnasium. And I had promised myself I would earn my numerals and a place on the gym team that year and thereby give myself a good start toward becoming eligible for senior men's honorary (I think they called it ODK in those days).

The first two or three lessons with Kim were pretty stilted affairs. His intense seriousness and Oriental formality and my lack of enthusiasm for the cumbersome task conspired against the development of the kind of climate necessary for profitable inquiry. It turned out, however, that Kim's instincts for handling such a situation were better than mine. One day when I arrived for the semiweekly engagement, Kim suggested that we

forego the English that day and spend the hour talking. As I entered the room, I discovered that he had set a small end table for tea, and the water was already sputtering on a gas burner in the corner. After a very polite, timidly smiling invitation to share tea with him we sat down together to talk. He wanted very much to hear me talk about my family, where I lived, the topography of my home surroundings, and the kind of things I did during the summers with my brothers. This kind of approach to autobiographical disclosure was a new experience to me, but I began to thaw out. And before the session had ended we were laughing together and enjoying warmly each other's company.

As the year wore on, we gave less and less time to the formal disciplines of English language and literature. The hours were spent in chattering freely about all kinds of things. He told me about his brothers and sisters, about the people of Korea, and many times we were sent rocking with laughter when he would try to explain to me the point of what Koreans regarded as humorous stories. For two or three sessions, I remember, he tried to teach me how to pronounce Japanese, and he did finally succeed in teaching me two or three short sentences in Japanese which I still remember. Those Japanese words still linger in my memory as warm tokens of the friendship I had shared with Kim.

At the close of the academic year, when the time of parting came, I made bold to invite Kim to my room for tea. (I carefully avoided disclosing to my fraternity brothers that I was going to make and serve tea to someone.) But Kim was very happy and honored to be my guest at tea, and he appeared promptly at the designated time with a friend. He kidded me about my tea-making and the clumsy way I poured, but we enjoyed it together nonetheless. Before the hour was over he had maneuvered the discussion into a consideration again of the life of his people and the life of my people. I did not realize it at the time, but he was attempting to prepare me for something. As he and his Korean friend rose to depart, he suddenly grasped my hand in both of his small hands and said to me pleadingly, "Bill, won't you, please, come back to Korea with me?" I looked at him in astonishment. I had never been outside of the Midwest of the United States of America; moreover, I could not imagine what business I could have in Korea. "What on earth, Kim, would I do in Korea?" I argued.

"Oh, you could do so much," he insisted, "you could teach my people to play!"

"Teach your people to play? Go all the way to Korea just to teach some

people to play? What profit would there be in that? I don't understand what you mean?" Now Kim was more serious than he had ever been.

"You must understand all that my people have suffered. My people are very weary, and they hardly ever smile. You have shown me how to laugh and play. I want my people to be able to laugh again. It would be so good for them if they could laugh as we have laughed together. That is why I want you to come to Korea. You could teach them to laugh and play." With these words he departed, leaving me still bewildered because of the strange thing he was trying to say to me. I never went to Korea. And, thanks to the pleasures of college life, I soon forgot about Kim. Three years ago, however, while attending a meeting of Oriental students here at the University, I learned that Hyung Min Kim had finally become a leader of his people. At the outbreak of the present war in Korea he was serving his country as the mayor of Seoul.

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In the days when Caesar Augustus was emperor of Rome and Quirinius was governor of Syria the world was broken and oppressed. Naked and ruthless power wielded in the hands of an acquisitive, dictatorial authority intimidated the souls of men and destroyed those who took issue or hesitated to give allegiance. The people of Abraham and Moses again lived in darkness, and their children were left orphans in the cities' streets. The ancient hope of a chosen people burned low, and even the longing for peace was nearly lost beneath the numbness of despair. Like someone beaten and robbed on a Jericho road, the wounded people languished beyond reach of mercy and redemption. Only something miraculous could possibly break through the darkness and restore them from such ignominy.

Then it was, while Caesar Augustus was still emperor, the ancient power of God was released again in the darkness. Like a new star moving into the gloom or like a child at its mother's breast crying softly in the night, the renewing power was delivered. And the people in whom the ancient hope had nearly died saw the star, heard the child's tender cry. And some saw in star and infant cry the glory of the sovereign, creative God of Abraham and Moses speaking again—breaking through the dark despair—declaring the good news of Israel's faith over against the might and tyranny of power grown deaf to a child's tender cry and a man's yearning for integrity. And some saw again the wholeness of God impregnate in every living creature, in every human being, in every gesture and relationship,

in every longing for fulfilment and self-identity, in every sorrow and every heartful laughter.

And those who saw were renewed. And in their joy they told their story again and again as a sacramental offering to all who still wandered in darkness—who lived in brokenness and despair. Out of that story we have these words from the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew:

> When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink. . . ." And the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily I say unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In these words, given to us as coming from Jesus, the Christ of their faith's renewal, these people are telling us that there is a God at work in all of creation. All things that have ever existed and do now exist are the creatures of this God. And this God is constantly working to draw all things, all creatures, all human beings, and all the possibilities that provide hope and meaning for these creatures—all this the sovereign God of Moses is striving to draw together into a single family of peace and meaning and common participation in his creative purpose.

And these people are telling us through the Gospel story that because the God of creation is the creator of all things and sovereign over all peoples, and because the God who has created every created thing and living being is a God seeking wholeness, then every living thing, every human being however lowly, every relationship and possibility, every creatural yearning and need must be treated as though they were instances of the activity of the sovereign God of creation. These people are telling us that we cannot know what life is until we recognize that every concrete thing and every possibility we encounter in daily existence is truly a direct encounter with the sovereign God himself. To think or to do anything with the stuff of creatural relations is to take into our hands the body and the blood of the Lord. Every tree and animal, every pool of oil or vein of coal in the ground, every bird or shower of rain in the sky—all these, and all their brothers and sisters, are the flesh and the blood of the Most High God.

And these people are also telling us another thing with their Gospel story. They are saying that the only power that can save a nation and bring it peace—the only power that can become a blessing and a joy to a nation and a people—is the power that is delivered to those whose strength is tempered and quieted by seeing how all that they touch and possess is the body and blood of the living God. The only power and might that a nation dare trust is a power and might that is given in consequence of a humble acknowledgment of the sacramental nature of all things. And the only nation that can be trusted with power is a nation devoted to the sacramental presence of God in all the substance that enriches its land and threshold. For every creature and every act is sacramental when they are related to other creatures and other acts in such a way that men and nations are enabled to recognize and participate more fully in the creative work of God. Therefore, every thing that exists, every creature and every act, is potentially sacramental.

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The body of a man sags under the burden of hunger. He needs to be fed by someone, and he reaches his hand to those who have bread and are strong. As he crouches against the wall, hoping for a deliverer, he can think only of his hunger, of the pain of emptiness within his belly, of his bodily weakness and growing helplessness. For him the most meaningful thing that could happen would be to have his weakness redeemed through food and drink.

The busy people, well fed, who pass in the street do not see him crouched against the wall. Or, if they see him, they will turn away, rationalizing their unresponsiveness. But there may come someone in the crowd who, seeing the hungry man's need, will want to do something. He needs to be fed, they will say. And perchance they will make an effort to feed him. Food and drink are brought to him, and he is even helped to consume it. And because of the food and drink he may finally receive enough strength to push himself away from the wall and return to his labors.

All this is very good—the hungry man being fed and the strong man feeding him. But the Gospel warns us that a cry for bread in the street is not a *thing* crying for a *thing*. And the moment of hunger is not an isolated moment. For the hunger that cries for bread is the hunger of God. And the moment of need is all history, is all of creation yearning to be lifted toward fulfilment. And, therefore, he who would feed a hungry man—who would

offer bread and drink—must recognize that he is daring to enter the presence of the Most High God.

The hunger of man is not a *thing* crying for a *thing*. The human hunger for bread is a hunger of the whole soul and the whole depths of man. It is incarnate the primordial longing of the people for reconciliation and fulfilment. It is the hunger of all the race, of all the hopes and expectancies of a people, of all the centuries of struggle toward selfhood and dignity. In the commonplace of a man's hunger or a people's nakedness is gathered up into one eternal occasion the whole of creation's thrust toward wholeness and peace.

Therefore the hunger of a man or a people, so easily passed by or treated with cursory act, is a judgment upon those who pass by, and even more of a judgment upon those who would respond. Men and nations have been broken at the feet of the hungry man. It is a fearful thing—a hungry man or a hungry people. For in their helplessness and need there resides a power—the Power of the sovereign, creative God. And this Power, though it reasserts itself in history in a child's soft whimper or a young man's tender prayer on a tree—this Power will have the last word, will sit in final judgment upon all who will fail to treat his creatures or his people as a thing. For to treat the commonplace need or brokenness of man as only commonplace is to curse God and to cut one's self or one's people away from all hope and all possibility of peace and fulfilment.

Woe to those who misjudge the occasion! Woe to those who trifle with the hungers of men! Woe to the nation who sees the hungers of a people as "good politics," or security for the West, or something to manipulate for greater prestige! For the God of Abraham and Moses, the God of the infant child and the helpless youth on the tree, the God who dwells even in the weakness and ignominy of men will rise in judgment, and his word shall be the last word, and they who thought they had power will see that their power is a broken reed and their abundance is a reproach even to their own household.

Then shall he say also unto the nations on his left hand, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, 'Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as yet did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

How oft have nations with abundance to feed other nations forgotten that their abundance is not their possession but rather the fruit of the Lord's vineyard. And how oft have they forgotten that they were the vessel of the Lord and not the Lord God himself. And in forgetting how often they have missed their true greatness, for true greatness comes through being a vessel of the Lord—through serving as a steward of the earth's God-given abundance so that all men's hungers are filled and filled as the Lord God would fill them. Only the nation who feeds men in humble stewardship, as one called to be a servant, can truly feed men, can, in the feeding, make the way straight toward the reconciliation of the peoples of the earth. For the creatures of God hunger not for bread alone—even when they cry for bread—but also for mercy and compassion and an affection that embraces them in their brokenness and sinfulness as well as in their promise of strength.

Therefore, a nation that feeds men as though *it* were the Lord of the vineyard may make other nations fat and strong, but it will leave them still hungering, and they will finally rise up and use their strength against the nation that once fed them. For the nation that would feed another people's hunger must also feed their spirit—must feed their souls, must restore and exalt their dignity, must encourage the imaginative release of their creative energy.

Now, there have been various interpretations of what the Gospel people meant by the "sheep" and the "goats." Some of the interpreters have maintained that the sheep are the Christians and the goats are the Hindus, or Buddhists, or Mohammedans. Others have insisted that the sheep are the Christians and the goats are the Jews. Still others insist that the sheep are the Americans and the goats are the "foreigners." And some, I think, hold that the sheep are the Democrats and the goats are the Republicans, or vice versa. In my youth, however, when I heard the preacher explain the difference between the sheep and the goats, I understood him to mean that the sheep were those that had been saved in our annual revival meeting and therefore came to church every Sunday faithfully to hear him preach, and the goats were all those who only came to Sunday school and didn't stay for preaching. Sometimes I think he meant that the sheep were we Methodists and the goats were the Presbyterians two blocks down the street who frequently enticed some of the Methodist young people to wiener roasts on Sunday evening. I think, however, now that I am older, that the people of the Gospel meant something different. The difference lies in the willing-

ness to live or not to live sacramentally. The difference between the sheep and the goats among the nations is not that some consented to feed their fellows and the others did not. Both the sheep and the goats believe in doing good. The difference lies in that the sheep fed their fellows in such a way that their spirits were also fed and their energies released, whereas the goats fed their fellows in such a way that they were only further impoverished and compromised.

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Since my college days many things have happened to me. In those days I knew little of what men hungered for. I still know too little about it. But during the years that have passed since I tried to teach English composition to Hyung Min Kim, I have learned some things. I have learned more about my own people and the other people of the world. And the disturbing events that have shaken the world since 1929 have caused me to search more deeply beneath the surfaces of relationships and happenings. And one of the most important things I have learned is that the value in what I give depends directly upon how sensitive I am to all that the person is and means to whom I would give. I have learned that the gift I give can be a curse if I do not also give my affection and my trust.

When Hyung Min Kim left my room that last day we were together, he asked me to give him something. He asked me to teach his people to play. I did not understand then what he meant. I did not comprehend the implications of his simple request. But lately I have been thinking about that request again. And I see some things in it now that deepen my consciousness of much that is happening and has happened in the world.

The year that Kim and I lived together he learned much about America. And, therefore, there were many things he saw and experienced which he could have desired for his own people. He had had opportunity, for example, to observe the almost unimaginable resources and richness of America—its abundance of food and natural resources and technical conveniences, its much-esteemed gadgets and its economic power. But, as impressive as all this may have been to him, he asked for something else. His people could undoubtedly have used much of what America produced and possessed, but there was something else that came first as he considered the needs of Korea.

Kim had also had opportunity to learn what we call "democracy," and he had had some occasion to see it in operation. During that year we knew

each other we in the United States held a presidential election and Mr. Herbert Hoover went to the White House. He had observed the behavior of the student body during its annual campaigning and electing of officers. He had read some of the documentary literature on the history and principles of American democracy as part of the requirements of his courses. I am sure that I assumed then that everyone in the world would jump at an opportunity to appropriate our democracy, but Kim did not "jump." He asked, in behalf of his people, for something else.

Now that I have a different perspective upon this encounter I had with Kim several years ago, I have become deeply disturbed. I am disturbed that Kim did not ask that I bring to his people *first* those things by which we Americans identify the significance and goodness of our civilization. I am disturbed about Kim's response, now that I consider it more searchingly, because it may be possible that the other Kims of Korea today—and the folk of the other nations—would not be any more enthusiastic about what we Americans assume is ultimately good and virtuous for ourselves and others. I am disturbed that Kim did not ask for "the American way of life," our kind of individual freedom, our principle of separation of church from state, and our democracy. And I am disturbed that he did not even ask for our Christ and our Christian religion.

Is it possible that our American self-satisfaction and cultural pride has blinded us to some profound error in our ways? Is it possible, in spite of our fervent extolling of the democratic virtues at home, that the other peoples of the world find themselves more threatened than renewed when our democracy is translated into foreign policy and intercultural communication? Is it possible, in spite of our implicit faith in freedom—"individual freedom," free enterprise, freedom of state from church—that this freedom when transported by our hands into Korean, or Chinese, or Indian soil does not look like freedom but rather a bondage and a humiliation? Is it possible, in spite of our calling ourselves Christian and professing that in Christ—our Christ, that is—there is no East or West, no bound or free, that the Christ we offer does not have the appearance to other peoples of a healer and redeemer of all the nations? Is it possible that our Christ appears to them as another instance of Western arrogance and another cause for cultural frustration?

Kim did not ask for the things in which I had been taught as a child and youth to put my trust. He did not covet for his people those things of which I boasted most as an American Christian. Kim asked me to teach

his people to play. Apparently, Kim found greater security with me in terms of something that transcended those things which ordinarily characterized my way of life. Kim trusted me most when we could play together, that is, when we accepted each other as human beings—as creatures who regarded each other as equally and intrinsically worthy.

Kim asked me to teach his people to play. I can see now that this was at once an affirmation and a judgment upon me and all that I symbolized. For if I, an American Christian, could honestly identify myself with his people in humble appreciation for their worth and promise—for this is essentially what happens in playing together—then some day he might feel secure enough to talk to me about what I meant by freedom, by democracy, by Christ. And perhaps he realized that not until I had thus identified myself with his people could I have the eyes to see what my own freedom and democracy and Christ truly meant to me—and what, and under what conditions, my freedom, democracy, and Christ could mean for his people.

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The peoples of the earth hunger today for the kind of succor and leadership that will release them—not only release them from the ravages of famine, pestilence, flood, and anxiety but release their too-long-pent-up creative energies and imagination. They seek release to become first-class citizens among the other citizens of the world. They yearn for the kind of succor that will permit their minds and bodies to sustain the creative tensions that constitute the conditions for personal and cultural identification and spiritual maturity.

We of the United States are given an hour in history in which to help make momentous decisions—decisions that will determine the life or death—and the kind of life or death of many peoples, if not of the whole world. We have already entered into the shaping of those processes whereby the decisions must be made. And we have already given vast sums of money and food and medical aid as implementation of some decisions already made. But we must remember that we could give all we have, even give ourselves to be burned, we could give until our own national household was barren of resources and still fail to measure up to the grave responsibilities that rest upon us. By our own giving we could conceivably make all of India fat and physically strong, we could cause the economies of England and the European countries to be stabilized, we could conceivably even manage to rid the Eastern peoples of the great destructive forces now at work within

their communities—we could do all this and still create an ill will and a distrust that eventually, like a mighty whirlwind, would raise up something before the world more terrible than that which we now call "communism." By a certain kind of "doing good" we could destroy that which we professed to save.

For one law of existence is inexorable in all giving—in all discharging of responsibility in leadership—every act must be qualified by compassion, by a sympathetic awareness and wholehearted acknowledgment of the spiritual creaturehood of those who are led or those who are fed. The gift cannot be separated from the mode of giving. For a morsel of bread given—even to the most tormenting hunger—if not given in honest compassion, feeds only half of man's hunger.

This hour in history offers us in America not only great responsibility and opportunity for world leadership; it also places us under an ultimate judgment. The question today is not whether we shall have the power or the willingness to lead and to give. It is rather a question of whether we shall give as humble servants of the creative God. It is a question of whether we shall release, through our leadership and our giving, the grace of God—the grace which alone can heal the deepest wounds of men and redeem their frustrated spirits. Moreover, and this is a more terrible thought, it is a question of whether we shall be able to reorder our own household—economically, politically, and culturally—so that our life and work within America are truly expressive of compassion and a responsive awareness of the eternal purposes of God. For, indeed, we cannot communicate to other men something we do not have. And we cannot serve as an agent of peace and reconciliation unless the brokenness and ambiguities of our own life have been transformed under the working of the judgment and grace of the Eternal God. It is a question, therefore, to use the language of the Gospel, of whether, when the Son of Man comes in his glory, we shall be divided with the sheep or with the goats.

William N. Hawley

The Divinity School
University of Chicago
July 27, 1952

NOTES FROM THE DEAN'S OFFICE

At the Spring Convocation, June 13, 1952, the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor of Divinity:

Cynthia Josephine Rogers Chamberlin
John Calvin Hollowell, Jr.
John Wesley Hunt, Jr.
Teruo Kawata
Robert Jonathan Villwock
Carl Eldon Wennerstrom

Master of Arts:

Raymond Theodore Anderson
Marjorie Ann Dedrick
Victor Tadaharu Fujiu
Norma Jean Eaton Rodgers

Doctor of Philosophy:

Leroy Banks Allen
James D. Boyack
David Stockwell Noss
Paul Christian Edvard Nyholm
Reuben Christian Schellhase

ALUMNI NEWS

Albert Leland Jamison, Ph.D. '41, was in residence at the American School for Oriental Research in Jerusalem through the spring months of this year. Dr. Jamison is a member of the Department of Religion in Princeton University.

S. M. Gilmour, Ph.D. '37, the incoming principal of Queens Theological College, Kingston, Ontario, is the author of the introduction and critical commentary for the Gospel of Luke in the recent volume of the "Interpreter's Bible" which includes the gospels of Luke and John. John Knox, Ph.D. '35, is another contributor to this volume. Dr. Knox is also the New Testament editor for the "Interpreter's Bible" series as a whole.

Charles Harvey Arnold, B.D. '50, began a ministry in June with the Plymouth Congregational Church, Danville, Illinois.

Henry Conrad Blackwell, ex-'30, was awarded the D.D. degree, June 9, 1952, by Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia.

Donald W. Riddle, Ph.D. '23, now dean of the social sciences in the University of Illinois in Chicago, is currently teaching New Testament and American church history in the summer school of Iliff, Denver, Colorado.

William N. Bernhardt, Ph.D. '28, is at present acting president of the Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Colorado.

S. M. Gilmour, previously mentioned in this news edition, during the present summer is in full-time duty with the Reserve Officers' School (University Squadrons) at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario. He has been promoted to squadron leader in the chaplains' corps, RCAF.

Fred Luchs, ex-'36, minister of the United Church, Los Alamos, New Mexico, received the Doctor of Divinity degree from Franklin and Marshall College, at the one hundred and sixty-fifth commencement, June 6, 1952.

Van W. Hinckley, ex-'30, is now minister of the First Methodist Church, Goshen, Indiana.

Charles Martin Bond, ex-'27, professor of religion, Bucknell University, since 1925, has been appointed a member of the board of trustees of Crozer Theological Seminary.

C. Ray Dobbins, M.A. '51, has for some time been editor of the *Cumberland Presbyterian,* a weekly denominational news magazine, published in Memphis, Tennessee.

Eugene Neubauer, B.D. '09, recently attended the graduation exercises of his granddaughter at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri. His daughter, Mrs. Peggy Phillips, heads the Stephens College Press Bureau and has recently been elected one of the regional directors of the National Federation of Press Women.

William Paul Barnds, B.D. '40, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Lincoln, Nebraska, recently gave a clergy course on "The Works of Baron von Hügel," at a summer conference at Yankton, South Dakota.

Allen Cabaniss, Ph.D. '39, has been appointed a member of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, New Jersey, for the session 1952-53. He was elected alumnus member of the new Phi Beta Kappa chapter, Southwestern University, Memphis, Tennessee.

Philip Ashby, Ph.D. '50, a member of the Department of Religion, Princeton University, was visiting professor in the Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, during the summer session.

Theodore H. Edquist, M.A. '49, has accepted the work of assistant minister of the First Baptist Church, Denver, Colorado.

George A. Singleton, M.A. '29, B.D. '30, for the past year has been editor of the *A.M.E. Church Quarterly Review.* His publications include *The Romance of African Methodism,* published by the Exposition Press, New York.

Edgar J. Goodspeed, Ph.D. '98, Ernest D. Burton Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the Divinity School, reports that a copy of his *Memoirs* has gone to the publishers. This personal record has singular importance both for the history of New Testament scholarship in the United States and for the history of the University of Chicago. Harper is the publisher for this volume.

Samuel Stumpf, Ph.D. '48, has recently been appointed head of the Department of Philosophy, Vanderbilt University.

Edgar C. Smith, M.A. '16, has been in his present position with the Pennsylvania Baptist Convention as its director of education and young people's work for over thirteen years. This is the longest continuous service in one field of any of the present state directors of Christian education of the American Baptist Convention.

John C. Hollowell, B.D. '52, begins a ministry with the Congregational

Church, Union Grove, Wisconsin, August 1, 1952.

Robert Villwock, B.D. '52, will begin a ministry with the Presbyterian Student Center at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, at an early date.

Thomas Bennett II, ex-'49, leaves the deanship of Kendall College to go to Willamette University, Oregon, as director of religious activities and professor of philosophy.

ATTENTION ALUMNI!

Help us to make our alumni records more complete. The Alumni Association urges every alumnus to send information about himself or other alumni. Please fill in this blank and return it to the Office of Extension, Divinity School, University of Chicago.

Name..... Address.....

U. of C. degrees..... Year.....

Other degrees..... Institutions..... Year.....

Mailing address.....

New pastorate or other position.....

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Book published.....

Election to position of honor or responsibility.....

Interesting project recently accomplished.....

Any other information of interest.....

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